dahlia

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by YouAreMyDesign

Summary

Hannibal merely stares at him, and wonders if the lamb's wool was hiding this wolf all along. "I know what you did to me. What you've done to all those omegas in the press. Butchered, childless, discarded like the trash they are."

Chapter 1

Hannibal looks up from his desk, giving the omega standing at his office door a polite smile. "Ah. Mister Graham, was it?" The omega nods, his eyes – blue, Hannibal notices, ringed with bright flecks of gold – darting around the bright-lit office, settling anywhere except Hannibal's face. "Please, have a seat."

"Thank you," the omega murmurs, rushing in and sitting in one of the small, comfortable wooden chairs on the other side of the desk. He brings his knees together, shoulders hunched, batting nervously at his thighs and biting his lower lip.

Hannibal regards him, head tilted, hands folded on his desk. He's in his late twenties if Hannibal were to guess, dressed in shabby clothing – poor, smelling faintly of distress and that sweetness consistent with omegas. Mint, and open air. He breathes in, and smiles when he becomes aware of another scent – likely the reason this delicate, squirrelly thing sought him out.

The omega clears his throat, chances a look up, and flushes when he sees Hannibal watching him, lowering his head again – demure and deferential to the last, as most of his breed are. "I, ah, I heard you perform…services," he says, swallowing harshly. One hand flattens over his smooth belly. "Help out people who are in trouble."

Hannibal nods, sighing through his nose. "I do," he says mildly, and the omega looks up at him. "Mister Graham -."

"Please," the omega murmurs, and raises a hand in a quick gesture, fingers curled. He winces, flushing deeper in shame at having interrupted an alpha of Hannibal's repute, and looks down at his lap. "Will is fine. I'm sorry. Please. Just Will."

Hannibal smiles, and purrs, letting Will hear it, so that he is soothed and knows Hannibal isn't angry with him. "Alright, Will," he says quietly. He straightens. "How far along are you?"

"I finished my last heat almost two months ago," Will murmurs. "It must have -. It happened then."

Hannibal nods.

"And the father?"

A spark of anger flashes through Will's eyes, thickening the gold, and he swallows, and looks away. "Out of the picture," he says tightly, his knuckles whitening and nails digging into his stomach. Hannibal nods again – too often, he has found, omegas find their way to him and ask for his help in this way. Victims of abuse, or something worse than that, but more often young things that got a little too worked up and swept away by notions of love and commitment, only to find when their legs closed and their slick ran dry, the promises evaporated with it.

He would have thought someone of Will's age to be smarter than that, but such is the way of the world.

He puts his elbows on his desk again, lowers his head until Will's eyes meet his. "I can help you," he says gently, and Will's lashes flutter in relief. "But you must understand, Will – this is an irreversible procedure. All life is precious, even life we did not think we would bear. You must be sure."

Will swallows. "I'm sure," he says tightly. "I need it gone."

Hannibal nods, and sighs. "Very well," he murmurs, and takes a sheet of paper from a tray, handing it to Will with a pen. "Please fill this out. It only asks for contact information and blood type, allergies, a brief summary of your situation. Everything is kept confidential, I promise."

Will nods, swallowing, and puts the sheet on his lap as he begins to fill it out. "How does it work?"

"I will give you a sedative, and use a general anesthetic to keep you unconscious during the procedure," Hannibal says, smiling when Will's eyes flash up, wide. "It's perfectly safe, I assure you. Once you are asleep, I will make a small incision, internally, to access the entrance of your cervix, and use forceps to open it." Will flushes, pressing his thighs together, and looks down, idly filling in his information as Hannibal continues; "I will use a combination of flexible probes and what is called a uterine curette, to divide the cells of the fetus, and then a syringe to remove the cells. Anything that remains will be cut away and removed after."

Will nods, wincing, his teeth set together and showing their edges. He finishes with his sheet and hands it back, letting Hannibal look over the fact that he has no known allergies, and that his story confirms – eight-week-old pregnancy, no emergency contact. Perfect.

"Will it hurt?" Will asks, after a moment of silence.

Hannibal nods, setting the sheet to one side. "There may be some pain from the forcible separation of your cervix, and bleeding is to be expected after the procedure. You may feel some ache for a while, but it should heal within a week or two. Of course, if that is not the case, I encourage you to come see me again."

Will nods.

"Will, I really must impress upon you the gravity of your decision, both as a doctor and a moral man. Choosing to abort comes with emotional consequences you may not be as prepared for as you'd think."

Will swallows, his shoulders tensing – he wants to argue, wants to snap and show his teeth, but he resists. Hannibal fights the urge to smile when he sees the darkness in Will's eyes. "I've thought about it a lot," he says, idly petting over his stomach. "I'm sure, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal sighs. "Very well," he murmurs, and stands. Will follows suit, respecting Hannibal's authority and standing when he does, and nervously pets over his wrists as Hannibal circles the desk and gestures for him to follow Hannibal into the examination room. "Get undressed, please."

Will trembles, but obeys, stripping down to reveal pale skin, soft muscle consistent with his breed. His shoulders are broader than most omegas, Hannibal thinks even a prime alpha would have trouble holding him down unless Will was in heat. Perhaps, he thinks, bring mounted was not a matter of conscious choice. But that's how omegas are – weak, wanting, when they're wet.

He turns away and takes from a cabinet a bottle of heavy sedatives, setting two pills to one side, fills a glass of water and gathers the tank of gas, placing it by the examination table in the middle of the room. When Will is naked, he stands, shaking and shivering, and Hannibal smiles at him, goes to him and wraps a hand in his hair, lets Will take in a deep breath of soothing alpha pheromones.

"That's it, darling," he murmurs, as Will's lashes lower, his irises flood with gold and his pink cheeks darken. Hannibal has often had to use his pheromones to coax sweet little lambs like him into pliancy, and Will is no different. He leads Will to the table and sets him atop it, smiling when Will trembles and whines, pawing at him.

Hannibal fetches the water and pills and hands them over, smile widening as Will gazes at them, drunk on his pheromones, not quite reactive. "Take them," he coaxes, and Will obeys with another whimper, as Hannibal noses at his soft hair – thick curls, perfect for grabbing, framing his face until he looks angelic. "Sweet thing, there you go. That's it." He pets over Will's neck, encouraging him to swallow the large pills, and takes the water from him when Will's hand goes weak.

He sets it to one side, and lowers Will to the bed. "The sedative will take a few moments to work," he says, and Will nods, lax and loose, and sighs as Hannibal corrects his stance on the table, lifting the stirrups and parting Will's legs, setting his calves into the stirrups and binding them tight.

Will winces, whimpering again in distress, and Hannibal pauses when, very subtly, he catches a trace of Will's slick. His brows lift, and he lets his fingers drift down Will's soft, pale thighs, lifts his balls and cups his hips to bare his hole. He breathes in, testing – his pheromones are designed to settle, not to arouse, and Will's reaction is curious.

He sees Will's pink rim, flushing and flexing beneath his gaze, a single little drop of slick spilling from him as Will starts to pant, fingers crinkling in the cover of paper on the table.

He moves from Will, gathering the tools on a little tray for the removal of the fetus, and Will's eyes widen when he sees them, his lips parted and his head giving a terrified little shake. "Doctor," he murmurs, words already slurring, and Hannibal sighs, pets through his hair and coaxes him into inhaling another deep breath of his pheromones. Will's hand twitches, but cannot rise. "Please. No. I changed my mind, I -."

Hannibal smiles, and shakes his head. "I'm sorry, sweet thing, but you made your decision. Now you must live with it."

Will whines, loudly, enough that it sets Hannibal's teeth on edge and makes him snarl. Of all the lambs he's done this for, Will is the first to change his mind before the procedure even happened. But Will decided he doesn't want his baby, he doesn't deserve to be a mother for it.

"Please." Will's tension is ebbing, now, the sedative taking hold, and Hannibal smiles, turns on the gas, and places the breathing mask over his mouth.

"Hush, Will," he murmurs, and pets Will's sweaty hair. "It'll be over before you know it."

Will whimpers, but falls silent, his eyes closing. When he's under, Hannibal finally allows his anger to show. The irresponsibility of alphas, to mount and leave an omega or woman flooded and alone; the *arrogance* of these lambs when they come to him, begging him to help, to get them out of trouble. Life is precious, all life, and those that would willingly rob a child of the chance to be born angers him greatly.

He paces to between Will's legs, pulling the tray with him, and pauses when he sees the growing trickle of slick between Will's thighs. Now, *that* is curious. He tilts his head, pressing his thumb in with a soft growl, his sensitive nose giving him the sweetness that Will's body is producing. He is cloying, here, heavy, and Hannibal cocks his head, pushes in with his thumb to feel how Will clings and tightens around him, even unconscious.

Interesting.

But he has a job to do. The anesthetic will keep Will under, but he has other appointments today, and cannot linger. He sighs, and absently licks his thumb clean, growling at the taste of this sweet omega that so willingly crawled into his lair. He thinks of what he will do to Will, when he's done – he will take Will's sweetness, gather his slick and his blood and serve it with his wine. He will melt Will's trembling thighs from the bone, slow-roast the meat and feast upon it. Motherhood makes lambs so delightfully sweet, soft and flavorful with that second life they were so willing to cast aside.

He sits on a stool and pulls close to Will's limp body, tugging him down until he can access Will's opening. He pushes in with two gloved fingers, shivering at the scent of Will's slick as it explodes in the air – he is certain he's never smelled anything like that. The omegas that come to him hold no allure for him, never have, but *Will*.

He thinks, as he prepares the forceps and scalpel, of how Will sounded, desperate and terrified and begging. Of the pretty gold in his eyes when he'd succumbed to Hannibal's pheromones – of what else he could have made Will beg for, if he had pushed just a little harder.

He shivers, growling at himself, and works the forceps in, spreading them to reveal Will's soft, slick inner muscles. He presses with a finger, until he feels the tense opening of his cervix, and works the scalpel in, making the little incision that will encourage the muscles there to part, and fits another set of forceps between the little jut of bone, spreading Will wide

– perhaps wider than necessary, but he's unnerved by Will's effect on him, and though Will is asleep, the idea of making him suffer for it is a satisfying one.

But Will's body parts for him so eagerly, so wet and sweet. Hannibal cannot help breathing in again, his mouth flooding with saliva as he tastes that mint, and chocolate, warming his skull and making him harden in his suit pants. He snarls, and grabs the curette, working it past Will's cervix and up, until he finds the little give, the resistance, of a fetal attachment.

He sighs, but continues, working the curette inside of Will as he feels the small cluster break apart, sliced to pieces. Blood and slick coats his gloved fingers as he works, and oh, even Will's *blood* smells good, not rank with iron and too sharp, but utterly sweet, in a way nothing else has.

It makes him angry all over again. Will is clearly a beautiful omega, in his prime, wet and wanting and to *dare* deny any alpha his rightful claim on his body, the evidence of his legacy, fills Hannibal with a rage he cannot describe. He is rougher than intended, tearing at Will's uterus with the curette until he gushes with blood, and yet *still* more slick, soaking into the table.

Hannibal snarls as he finishes, the procedure quick since Will, at least, did not wait long to terminate his pregnancy. He works the bloody curette out, growling at the tiny chunks of meat that cling, and sets it to one side, grabs the syringe and works it harshly into Will, sucking up what remains. When that is done, he removes it and the forceps parting Will's cervix, pulling the bloody ends out and setting them to one side.

He stands, then, and pulls off one of his gloves, watching Will's lashes flutter, still under the effects of the anesthetic. His lips are parted, his breathing slow and even, his hands limp and lifeless on the table.

"Look at you," Hannibal snarls. His claws flex – he wants to hurt Will for doing this. For ending his pregnancy, for tempting Hannibal so much with his slick and his sweetness. His lip twitches upward, his teeth bared in a snarl. "You arrogant, devastating thing." Oh, if he had the *time*, he would devour Will whole, wake him so that he was aware as Hannibal did it. Lambs scream so loud when they're scared.

Hannibal snarls again, shoving his gloved fingers into Will's bloody, wet hole, forcing him wider than even the forceps have him, and they fall out with a soft clatter to the ground. Will's body jerks from the strength of Hannibal's hand, his muscles clamping involuntarily, tightening around him, so wet, so sweet.

Hannibal hisses, and looks down at where four fingers are buried in Will's entrance, glove shining and bloodied. He makes another rough sound, and palms at his suit pants, unbuttoning and unzipping them and pulling the halves apart so he can take his cock out. He's hard, flush-red, leaking at the tip.

"Well," he murmurs, and pulls his fingers out, eyeing the tremble of Will's thighs, the even rise of his flushed chest, the masked pink of his lips, "since you're so cavalier about consequence."

He pushes his cock into Will's slick body, snarling as he's immediately enveloped in hot, clenching muscle. Will spasms around him again, and the force of Hannibal's thrust startles a whimper out of him, his brow creasing. Hannibal pauses, eyes Will but finds him lax, still asleep. He works his hips against Will's spread thighs, digs his nails into Will's hips and yanks him closer, fucks through the blood and slick and soaks himself in Will's scent.

He can't help thinking how Will would react, if he were to wake in this moment. He'd scream, probably, panic and whimper and only submit when Hannibal bit him, forced him to spread and take it. Tell him he'll give him a baby, if that's what Will wants, and kill him if he tries to refuse. And Will – sweet, tempting, *terrible* Will – he'd want it. He'd cry and moan and beg and he'd want it, Hannibal is sure.

His sensitive cockhead feels the tension of Will's cervix, still-parted though he's not in heat. Feels the tear where his incision was made, feels where the forceps clamped and hurt him. He grips Will's hips, snarling at the clinging remains of torn flesh as he fucks between them, angles his cock until it forces through the tight ring of Will's cervix, makes him part – oh, he'll hurt after this. Good.

He doesn't knot Will, though he is utterly tempted – no time, alas, no time for that. Instead he pulls back, spills inside of Will's murderous, sinful body, and strokes himself through the rest, coating Will's rim and the table beneath them with his seed.

He sighs when he's finished, immediately going to the washing station and cleaning his cock and hands, correcting his clothes. Then, he grabs a medical wipe and cleans Will's thighs, pushes in with his fingers until the wipe has cleaned Will's torn rim. Will is still bleeding, still gushing slick, and Hannibal snarls, angered and outraged that he's *still* enjoying this, or at least that his body is reacting favorably to it.

He opens the windows, clears the air of sex, semen, alpha anger. Forces himself to be calm as he pulls Will's legs together, pushes the stirrups down, and slides his underwear back up his legs, fixing them on his hips, and puts a pad between his legs so that he won't leak and stain his clothes. Then, he removes the mask, and busies himself with cleaning his equipment as Will comes back to the waking world.

He surges up with a cry, flinching and putting a hand between his legs, shuddering and whimpering, his eyes filled with tears as he looks at Hannibal. "You -. *Fuck.*" He runs a hand through his hair, terrified and in pain, his scent still so sweet even in distress.

His eyes close, and Hannibal sighs as tears start to fall, staining his cheeks. "I warned you, Will," he says, drying his hands. "The reality of losing a child is not something to be taken lightly."

"I begged you to stop," Will whimpers. "I begged, I *said* I didn't want to -."

Hannibal pauses, and takes on an expression of soft, guilty confusion. "Forgive me, Will," he says quietly. "But you didn't. You didn't say a word once we came into this room."

Will trembles with another violent sob, putting his head in his hands, and Hannibal sighs again, goes to him and pets through his hair, letting Will breathe in his calming scent.

"Take as much time as you need, darling," he murmurs. Will sobs again, nods weakly, and Hannibal gives his nape one gentle squeeze, before he pulls away. "I'm terribly sorry for your loss."

Objectively, Hannibal knows that his loss of control is unforgiveable. Abortion is illegal for omegas, that's why he offers the services he does, but if Will even *suspects* of anything untoward happening, he might risk jail for the sake of stopping Hannibal from continuing on. If Will caught a trace of his semen, if he sought another doctor's advice for a second examination, it could damn Hannibal entirely.

He should have killed Will. No matter how sweet, how beautiful he had been, how lovely his pain was, it was stupid to leave him alive.

He is very surprised, then, to see Will darkening his office door not two weeks later. He is not the pale, shivering lamb he had been when they first met – no, rather, Hannibal looks at him and sees something prowling, something predatory.

He offers a charming smile and folds his hands. "Will," he purrs. "What can I do for you?"

"You and I need to talk," Will says, closing the door and taking the same seat he'd claimed before. Unlike the first time, his knees are spread out, his hands steady on his thighs, his chest and belly exposed as he sits straight, chin lifted as though in challenge.

Hannibal tilts his head.

"I have another problem."

Hannibal sighs. "Will, given your recent procedure, you really shouldn't be engaging in any sexual activity -."

"Stop." Will lifts a hand, just like he did before, but this one is flat and wide and stills Hannibal's words on his tongue. "I know you're not going to admit to the truth. You can't, and I understand that." He lowers his hand, and Hannibal merely stares at him, and wonders if the lamb's wool was hiding this wolf all along. "I know what you did to me. What you've done to all those omegas in the press. Butchered, childless, discarded like the trash they are."

Hannibal's brows lift.

"But." Will pauses, parts his lips, shows Hannibal the tempting curl of his tongue. "I prefer sins of omission to outright lies, Doctor Lecter. Don't lie to me."

Hannibal presses his lips together, straightens in his seat, and gestures, wordlessly, for Will to continue.

"Not a day after I got back to my hotel, the father's parents called me," Will tells him. "I guess he has a habit of knocking up omegas during their heat. Turns out they're willing to

offer me a lot of money, to buy my silence, to help raise the kid." His eyes flash, dark and golden, and he narrows his eyes at Hannibal. "But problem is, I don't have a kid anymore."

Hannibal tilts his head.

"You took it from me," Will says, and sits forward – still wincing, Hannibal notices with no small flicker of pleasure, glad that Will is hurting for his sins. "You took my child away and now you owe me a new one."

Hannibal hums, drumming the sides of his folded hands on his desk.

"Tell me, Will," he murmurs, "what are you suggesting?"

"I'm not stupid, Doctor Lecter," Will hisses. "I know what it feels like to wake up fresh-fucked. I *know* what you did." Hannibal does not answer, doesn't allow himself to give any physical tell – realizes a second too late that no tell is the biggest one there is. Will's lips twitch, part in a wide, savage smile. "You wanted me. Took advantage of that want."

Hannibal swallows.

"You didn't kill me. Maybe one day you'll tell me why, but here I am, fertile and telling you to breed me. Imagine it – making another alpha pay to raise *your* child." Will sits back when Hannibal growls, but he is still smiling. Such a proud wolf, it's a wonder it could have made itself so invisible amongst the lambs. "You can drug me again, if you want. If that's what it takes to get you off."

When Hannibal doesn't answer, Will tilts his head, rubbing his thumb along the corner of his mouth.

"Though," he purrs, "I'd rather watch you, even if I can't move. Maybe you have something for that."

Hannibal's fingers clench, his knuckles whitening as Will spreads his legs, and *oh*, he's wet, Hannibal can smell it. He's slick, just at the suggestion. What a curious creature.

Will's eyes flash, at his continued silence. "You owe me a baby," he snarls, "but if you're not willing to give me one, I'm sure there are *plenty* of others who will."

Hannibal shoves himself to his feet at that, snarling loudly, and Will grins, rising as well. Backs up as Hannibal circles the table and prowls to him, until Will's shoulders hit the door and he bites his lower lip. He does not bare his throat – no, Hannibal senses he will have to drug or overpower him to get him to do that.

"You arrogant, sinful, *delightful* thing," Hannibal growls, flattening a hand over Will's neck. Tightens his fingers, until the flesh turns white, then pink, and Will's eyes flash, and widen, but he doesn't fight. Perhaps he thinks Hannibal intends to choke him into unconsciousness, to mount him over the desk. The flood of his slick-scent is heavy and maddening, the gold in his eyes hypnotic.

"*Yours*," Will rasps, his pulse thrumming. "If you have the guts to take it."

Hannibal shows his teeth, and purrs when Will smiles.

"Clear your schedule, Doctor Lecter," he whispers, and cups Hannibal's face. Doesn't seem to care that Hannibal is still an inch away from choking him. His breathing is shallow, rapid, his pulse flying, but his hand doesn't shake. "I'm not leaving this office until you've given me what I want."

Hannibal blinks at him, and smiles, and does what he was not able to with the mask on – he kisses Will, with teeth and starving tongue, shuddering as Will moans and goes limp in his arms, denied of air, still arching and soaking wet and so, so sweet. He wonders, idly, if Will has the power to send him into rut – an occurrence that hasn't happened since his teenage years, and yet his head is warm, alight with anticipation, thinking of all the ways he could brutally harm Will for daring to be so arrogant, so tempting, so deliciously perfect.

"Come, darling," he purrs, and leads Will towards the examination room. "We'll see if you can bear what it means to be mine."

Will smiles, breathless and on fire with victorious pride, eyes bright and gold, and obeys without another word.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

new tags. seriously, read the tags.

Hannibal looks up as the door to his office opens. First comes the gust of his mate's scent, sweetened for his pregnancy and utterly mouthwatering. On the tail end of it, however, is a bright spark of distress and anger, spicing his scent like adding bitter lemons to a sweet tart. He swallows, head tilting as Will enters the office, shedding his coat and scarf and hanging them up on the little hook behind the door, next to Hannibal's white lab coat. Upon the divestment of his outer clothes, the swell of his pregnant belly is revealed, gentling Hannibal's teeth from their sharpness at being interrupted.

He lets out a low rumble, and Will goes still, glancing at him from the corner of his eye, irises bright and thickly meshed with that pretty gold. Hannibal lets his lips turn down in distaste, and he huffs, turning his attention back to his notes.

"You should count yourself lucky I wasn't with a patient," he says.

Will replies with a short sound of his own, haughty and arrogant as he always has been, since the moment he returned to Hannibal's office with his offer. Hannibal has yet to find a way to beat that arrogance out of him, though he will admit what makes Will rather grating in platonic settings makes him all the more delicious in more intimate ones. His mate is a fierce and fire-laced thing, and all the sweeter in his surrender.

"I synced your calendar with my phone," Will replies with a shrug, and comes forward, screeching one of the patient chairs back and draping himself across it, one knee on the armrest, leaning, all long lines and lovely curves in his pregnant state. His neck, heavily marred by teeth and bruising suck-kisses, draws Hannibal's eye.

He purses his lips, and lifts his brows, silently demanding that Will explain what possessed him to come to Hannibal's office in the middle of the day. Since their arrangement began and Hannibal impregnated Will, he has commanded Will stay at home, where he can be hidden away and not get himself into any trouble. Poor and wayward as Will had been when he'd first come to Hannibal, that order had not been disobeyed. For the most part.

Will smiles at him. Not a prey animal bone in his entire body, Hannibal's little wolf. "I met with my would-be mother-in-law today," he murmurs, flattening a hand over his belly. Despite his soft voice, the flat way he speaks, his scent is still sour with anger and aggravation, and makes Hannibal's nostrils flare.

Hannibal blinks as the words register. He forces himself to remain outwardly calm, setting down his pen and folding his hands together, forearms resting on his desk. "Oh?"

"Mm." Will angles his jaw to one side, teeth all off-kilter from each other, and huffs an angry breath. "She wanted to make sure I hadn't been doing anything stupid and risking the child's life. Or wanted to make sure I was still knocked up. Either way." He lifts his shoulders in a shrug. "Wanted to confirm I wasn't going to be blowing her money on champagne and strippers, I guess."

Hannibal closes his eyes; swallows back his sharp retort. Will likes making him angry, likes riling him up, that is no secret. He opens his eyes again and fixes his incendiary mate with an unimpressed look – one that simply makes Will's smile widen, showing his pointed canines. "And?"

"I assured her that I was taking care of myself, being a good little omega, staying out of trouble," Will replies, arching a brow. He tilts his head, sighing heavily, and murmurs; "She saw the bites on my neck. Wants a paternity test."

Hannibal blinks, and his eyes narrow.

"It was foolish of you to reveal them," he says. "This little skit of yours hinged on the idea of passing my child off as another's."

Will huffs, then blinks. "I'm sorry," he says, voice turning utterly, sincerely soft. His eyes widen, his shoulders hunch in, and he corrects his posture, biting his lower lip and cupping his hands around his stomach. "I'm just a poor, simple little omega. I have no idea how the world works without a big strong alpha to protect and provide for me." His voice is overly sweet, shaky and nervous.

Hannibal narrowly avoids rolling his eyes. "That act will not fool me twice, darling," he murmurs. Though he must admit, Will does a capable job at pretending. Will grins at him, melting from his submissive, frightened character, and sprawls across the chair again. Hannibal hums. "Perhaps I should meet this woman."

Will's brow arches again. "In what capacity?"

"As your physician, of course," Hannibal replies. "My name and my reputation carries weight. I'm sure I could convince her there's nothing untoward happening."

Will laughs at him, and Hannibal shows his teeth.

"Or I could rip the child right out of you," he adds. "I have no need, nor any desire, to pretend my offspring is the product of someone else."

Will is quiet, for a moment, but when he speaks it is so angry, so vicious, that Hannibal would think him an alpha fighting for his territory if he didn't know any better; "You're not taking another fucking child from me," he hisses. "I'll kill you if you even try."

"Then perhaps you will tread carefully around me, darling," Hannibal purrs, smiling as Will's shoulders roll, his eyes darken, his body trembles with a tiny shiver. "There are far worse fates for a creature like you than losing a child."

Will's nostrils flare, but while there is no prey animal bone in him, there must be some modicum of self-preservation instinct, for he remains silent.

Hannibal hums, and lifts his chin. "While you're here," he says, and pushes his chair from his desk, gesturing to his lap, "you may as well make yourself useful. Come."

Will swallows, and stands, circling the desk obediently. Hannibal touches his stomach, first, for he cannot deny there is a particularly sharp flare of pride that rises in him whenever he sees proof of his virility and prowess in his pregnant mate. Will is beautiful, growing more lovely by the day as his belly swells with the life he carries, and it gives Hannibal no end of pleasure to know that he was able to impregnate Will outside of his heat – a difficult feat for most, and more proof of just how compatible they are and how much of a prime alpha Hannibal is, to have done it.

Once an omega is pregnant, their body becomes dry and tight, reluctant to get slick and do anything that would risk the pregnancy being compromised. But Hannibal doesn't care about that.

He stands, and fists a hand in Will's soft hair, pulling him in for a kiss – one that makes Will purr and shiver sweetly against him, showing his throat and pawing at Hannibal's shoulders, desperate to appease his violent and powerful alpha. Hannibal licks into his sweet mouth, grips his bruised throat tightly, and pulls away for long enough to move his papers and notebooks aside, baring a patch of his desk.

He doesn't need to explain – Will knows. He swallows and bows his head in obedience, turns and pushes his elbows against the desk, feet shoulder-width apart, head hanging between his arms. Hannibal is quick to push at the waistband of his jeans, which lack a button and zipper and instead have a thick band of elastic to compensate for his swelling belly. Easier to remove, he thinks, as he bares Will's pink hole and pale ass and thighs.

He hums, smiling, and slides his thumb down Will's perineum, idly marking out the incision he will have to make when Will goes into labor. Male omegas, for all they are made to be spread open and bred to bursting, have evolved a curious lack of ability to actually bear their young. They have powerful internal muscles, made to grip at and greedily crush a knot, but most have c-sections done. Hannibal refuses to mar Will's lovely stomach in any way, and he told Will as much, informing him that when the time came, he would cut Will's rim open, widening his body enough to allow a child to come out of it.

He told Will this while inside him, knot stuck, the paralytic agent forcing Will into stillness and silence. Though Will couldn't answer, his eyes had been wet, tears staining his face, and when he'd recovered, he'd begged Hannibal to reconsider. But that is what happens when one mates with a monster, darling Will; he should have known better than to think Hannibal merciful.

Will shudders, undoubtedly able to sense where Hannibal's thoughts have gone, and he lifts his head, looking over his shoulder in askance. Hannibal smiles, and lets his chest rumble in a gentle, soothing purr, for he is not completely without kindness.

He runs a hand up Will's back, until he reaches his scarred nape, and shoves him back down to the desk, forehead braced. Will gasps, lifting his hands to grab the other end of the desk, careful not to mess up Hannibal's forms and papers, and Hannibal's purr grows, for a moment, more fierce.

He keeps a bottle of omega-scented lubricant in his top drawer, knowing Will's body would be reluctant to grow slick for him once he became pregnant, and he retrieves it with his free hand, popping open the cap and letting a thick drop of it descend onto Will's pink rim. Will hisses at the coldness, and Hannibal sets the bottle down, pushes at his scrub pants, and uses his leaking cockhead to smear it around Will's hole.

Will's shoulders tense, and Hannibal flattens his hand on his mate's hip, presses his fingertips harshly through the little layer of fat beginning to gather in response to his pregnancy. "Let me in, darling," he says, just enough edge in his voice for it to be a warning.

Will whimpers, nodding, and bows his back, spine arching all the more dramatically because of the weight pulling him down, and he moans, rough and low, as Hannibal forces his cockhead inside him. Will's body spasms, bearing down tightly around him, and Hannibal bares his teeth, snarling, and forces himself in deeper.

Will is deliciously hot on the inside, as sweet and tight as he always is even without his natural slick. Hannibal widens his stance and forces himself in all the way with a grunt, making Will spasm and claw at the edge of the desk, whining loudly in pain at being so suddenly forced open.

Once he's all the way inside, he lets himself linger, relishing the juddering spasms of Will's inner muscles, the dichotomous desire to draw him in deeper and accept his knot compared to the pain-laced need to force him out. It creates a delightful tension in Will, sweat dampening his neck and darkening his hair.

Hannibal leans over him, forcing Will to bear his weight on shaking thighs, and nuzzles his lovely, wild mate, breathes in the scent of his distress, and moves his hand so he can fit his teeth to Will's nape, both hands on Will's hips to hold him still.

He rolls back, fucks in harshly, and Will jolts, muffling his scream against the desk as Hannibal bites him, hobbles him, forces him to keep still as he fucks his mate brutally, hard enough that the desk screeches as it moves just an inch, a beautiful chorus to Will's broken, agonized moans. No longer fertile, Will's cervix is closed up and hard, butting against the head of his cock when Hannibal fucks as deep as he can, and he snarls at the sensation, relishing how his mate trembles and whimpers beneath him. For all his bark and his delightful little bite, Will is just like any other omega when Hannibal gets him like this; something to be fucked and dominated and always kept wet and filled up.

Will turns his head, grits his teeth to stifle another soft whine as Hannibal fucks him, tears shining on his lashes and highlighting the gold in his eyes. Hannibal growls, kisses warm and

wet on his cheek, and reaches up to fist his hair and haul his head up, so that he can bite the flush-warm arch of Will's ear. Will flinches, moaning again, his body trembling and abruptly going lax, surrendering to Hannibal's undeniable power as alpha.

Hannibal bites his exposed throat, welting over one of the bites he's already left, and Will's answering sound is ragged and hoarse. "I'm sorry," he whispers, and Hannibal hums, sucking the skin between his teeth loudly, until he feels it bloom and warm beneath his tongue. "I'm sorry, I'll be good. Just – *please*." He jolts again, whimpering when Hannibal fucks in with a particular harshness. One of his hands releases the desk and cradles his swollen stomach. "Please don't hurt her."

Hannibal pauses, releasing Will's neck with a curious rumble. "Her?" he repeats. It's an old wives' tale that omegas can tell the gender of their offspring before they're born – popular enough to have warranted studies, though all were inconclusive.

Will nods, wincing again, hissing through his teeth. "I -. I think it's a girl," he replies roughly, nodding once. His eyes are closed, and Hannibal nuzzles his sweaty hair, growling as Will's body tightens around him, this time undoubtedly deliberate, aching for his knot. "She feels like a girl."

Hannibal cannot deny the purr that vibrates in his chest, and he smiles, reaching beneath Will to cover Will's hand with his own. He gentles the roll of his hips, pressing in deep and rutting to scratch the itch at the base of his cock, wanting to swell and lock himself inside his mate, to fill him and flood him as their breed demands.

Will gasps, sensing his change in demeanor, and turns his head, meeting Hannibal's eyes. "Does that make you happy?" he asks, weak with uncertainty.

"That makes me very happy," Hannibal replies, genuinely. He cups Will's face and angles him for a kiss as his knot swells, and he forces it in, growling as Will shivers and whines, tightening around him, powerful internal muscles gripping his knot fiercely as he goes still, and floods Will's ass.

Hannibal bites his lower lip, causing him to flinch with a gasp, and he forces Will tight against him, so his knot is stuck as deep as it can go. "Next time, though," he growls, "you'll give me an alpha."

Will gasps, a violent shiver running down his spine, and he runs his tongue across his bruised, swollen lower lip, and nods. "I swear."

Within two minutes of meeting this woman – a one Roxanne Montagne – Hannibal confirms that he doesn't like her. Within three minutes past that, he has already decided that he will bear no involvement from her regarding Will's child, *his* child, in any capacity.

She is a plastic, vain woman, the kind not even worth killing for her meat. Her skin hangs off her like icicles on a wintergreen tree, and she is so thin and pale that he can see every vein in her neck. She's an omega, though the gold in her eyes has been tamed by her age, and she stinks of that particular sweetness of embalming fluid like she's already dead.

"I'm sure you understand, Doctor Lecter," she says primly, "I know my son is not exactly the most controlled alpha in the world, but we are not a family to shirk from our responsibilities. Still, it is in *my* best interest to ensure that they are, in fact, *our* responsibilities." She huffs, her thin nose lifting. "This Mister Graham seems to have made himself quite comfortable on my dime, and you can imagine my surprise when I see him and find him all marked up like a common whore! I wouldn't put it past a small-town rat like him to try to swindle us out of additional money."

Hannibal's smile is professional. It is not pleasant. "I understand completely," he says with a cordial nod. "Thankfully the task of determining paternity is not a difficult one. I will simply need a DNA sample from your son, and then I can compare it to the child's DNA once it is born, and make sure everything is as it should be."

Roxanne hums, her thin and blue-tinted lips pursing like an exploded pair of flower petals. "Yes, well, what will you need? Cotton swab in the mouth? A blood sample?"

"A blood sample would be best," Hannibal confirms with a nod. "And I will of course perform the test in your presence, so you can be assured that it was not tampered with."

That seems to settle her, and she gives him a wide smile that shows far too much gum. "Excellent. Thank you, Doctor Lecter." She stands, and shakes his hand. "Please call me when the bastard is born."

Hannibal hides the clench of his jaw with another small nod, and escorts her out. Once she is gone, he snarls to himself, and goes to the examination room where he had been keeping Will during their meeting. Will looks up at him, wide-eyed, scent sharp with worry, and Hannibal strides to him and takes him by the throat.

"If you weren't mine," he says, "I would rip this child out of you and plant a new one all over again just to taunt that woman."

Will swallows. "She's a real piece of work, isn't she?" he murmurs. "Her son isn't any better."

Hannibal hums, lashes going low, and tilts his head. "Did you enjoy it when he mounted you?" he asks. Will's eyes flash, righteous with outrage. "I only ask because you seem to enjoy it so much when I take crass advantage of you. Even the first time we met, you were slick and open for me."

Will bares his teeth, and grips his wrist to shove his hand away. Hannibal tightens his fingers in answer, lifts his chin in warning, and Will swallows again, and subsides.

"It's a cruel trick of heat to make people like me enjoy the shit that happens to them," he replies softly. Hannibal sighs, and gentles his hand, brushing his thumb down the strong line of Will's jaw. "Do you want me to say that I didn't want it? That I fought and kicked and

screamed and he overpowered me? I'm not that weak. Do you want me to say that I teased and taunted him, and he had no choice? Everyone has a choice. He chose to fuck me bare and wet and knowing I could catch." Will's eyes flash up again, dark and angry. "Just like you chose to fuck me when I was unconscious and couldn't fight back. And I chose to come back to you and ask for your help. And I chose to let you mount me and bite me and do whatever the fuck you wanted to me – because I like it, because it got me what I wanted. Does it matter?"

"Yes," Hannibal murmurs. "And no."

"You raped me, and I came back," Will says. Hannibal's nostrils flare, but he of course cannot deny it. He would have – could have – gone much further than that. "He raped me, and I didn't go back to him. I don't want to go back to him."

"Nor do I," Hannibal replies. Will swallows harshly, and looks away. "Whatever compelled you to return to me, I am grateful for it." Will blinks, wets his lips. His lower one is still bruised from Hannibal's kiss, swollen and sore.

He doesn't answer.

Hannibal sighs, and cups his chin, forcing Will to meet his eyes. "Will," he murmurs, making sure Will cannot look away from him, "you knew what kind of man I was when you returned to me." Will sighs through his nose, and nods, tilting his face up. Hannibal smiles, and leans down to kiss him.

When the kiss ends, Will blinks, and tilts his head. "You want to know why," he says, and smiles, brilliant with understanding. "Why I came back. Why you're the monster I chose."

"It has been a persistent question in my mind, yes," Hannibal replies with a nod.

Will's smile widens, showing his teeth, and he reaches up and gently brushes his knuckles down Hannibal's cheek. "You may as well ask why the wolf mates with other wolves when there is a bear nearby," he replies with a laugh. "Are they not both predators? Are they not both fierce and capable hunters?"

"Ah," Hannibal says with a nod. "Like calls to like, is that it?"

Will shrugs, still smiling. "Can you deny it?"

"No, darling," Hannibal replies, and leans down to kiss him again. "I confess I can't."

Will goes into labor on a cool September afternoon. Hannibal lifts his head from writing out his notes on one of his patients, attention caught by the scent of blood, and Will stumbling into the office, red caking the inside of his thighs, his brow shining with sweat, his breaths coming in uneven, heavy gasps.

"She's coming," he says, clutching at his stomach, and Hannibal is on his feet in an instant, catching Will as he stumbles and sags against his chest. He growls, hauling Will upright and into the same room where he took Will's first child. It's a difficult task to get Will onto the table and stripped down, but he manages, positioning Will on his knees and strapping his knees and ankles to the edges of the bed. He lifts the back of the examination table up, giving Will something to brace his chest against, and Will groans, clinging to the shoulders of the bench and biting down on the thick padding.

Hannibal cuts off his clothes, discarding them in a biohazard bin, and pulls on a set of gloves, gathering his scalpel and gauze, his forceps and surgical scissors on a tray and spraying them down with alcohol, before he rolls them over to rest by Will's foot.

Will screams, entire body convulsing and clenching around a powerful contraction, rubbing his forehead against the bench.

Hannibal breathes in, forcing himself to ignore the part of his brain distracted by the fact that it's his *mate's* distress he's smelling, and pulls himself into focus. The fact that it's Will who is in so much pain is proving to be more troubling than he anticipated, but he cannot afford to get caught up in that – he must focus, and make sure nothing goes wrong during Will's labor, for this is the point where it is most dangerous for male omegas. If anything happens at this stage, he could lose the child, or lose Will, or both.

Blood is gushing from Will's rim, a thicker stream than Hannibal anticipated, his rim red and shining and already dilated an inch or so. Hannibal presses his lips together and steps up between Will's feet, easing him so he's almost sitting on his heels, and carefully feels along the sides of his belly to determine the position of the child.

Will whimpers, shuddering as another river of blood leaks from him. He gasps, turning his head and opening his eyes. His cheeks are flushed, his hair matted with sweat, he *stinks* of pain and distress, and reaches back to tug at Hannibal's hand.

"Hannibal," he whispers. "Please, *fuck*, it hurts."

"I know, darling," Hannibal murmurs. He resists the urge to inform Will he should have anticipated pain. Instead, he pulls back, and circles to the front of the table, taking Will's face in his hands. He pulls Will to his neck. "Breathe in."

Will obeys, his inhale shaky and shuddering, but he calms somewhat as he scents Hannibal's pheromones – his instincts will be soothed by Hannibal's presence, and Hannibal is good at settling distressed omegas. It's one of the things that makes his extracurriculars so easy.

Once Will quiets, Hannibal straps his wrists down onto the sides of the bench, and loops a thick leather strap around the back of his neck to keep him down. Will whimpers, fingers forming white-knuckled fists, but he gives no other sound of protest as Hannibal returns to between his legs, and breathes out.

He takes his scalpel, carefully spreads Will's cheeks, and makes the small incision at the bottom of his rim, slicing through skin and muscle, a single line an additional two inches into his perineum, opening up his birth canal and giving his cervix more room to expand.

Immediately more blood gushes out, so much that Hannibal internally huffs at how time-consuming cleaning all this up is going to be. He takes a moment to drag a bucket from behind the biohazard bin and kicks it under the end of the table, Will's blood dripping with hollow thuds into it.

Incision made, he carefully inserts two fingers inside Will, surprised to find that the crown of the baby's head has already passed his cervix, the spongey tissue parted wide around it. He smiles, and pulls his fingers out, easing the forceps into Will to force his inner muscles apart – the ones that are tight enough to grip a knot and can tear when a baby goes through them.

Will screams again, loudly, as his body ripples with another contraction.

"I know, darling," Hannibal murmurs, pushing the forceps open another half inch. It will be a delicate question of timing, to make sure he removes them in time to allow the baby's head to crown, but not so late that he damages it, and not so soon that he'll tear Will open too badly. He fits a second pair into the self-made slit, opening it wide and peeling the skin back, revealing pulsing, bloody muscle that clenches and tightens as Will pushes. "That's it. You're doing wonderfully."

He does not tell Will to push. Omegas are the most intimately aware of their own bodies, and Will's instincts will tell him when to push, when to let himself relax. Will's body arches, his hips angling down, slick and blood and amniotic fluid gushing out of his torn-open hole as he bears down, tugging at the restraints, shoulders arching up high and tense.

"*Hannibal*," he moans, shuddering again. Hannibal presses his lips together, eyeing the growing pool of blood with no small amount of concern. Will may go into shock before all's said and done, with how much he's lost.

He stands, hurrying to the fridge in the corner of the room where he has a single blood bag for emergencies such as this. He hooks it to an IV stand quickly, threads the tubing into a second, longer one, and takes a vacuum-sealed needle attachment from a drawer, unwrapping it and placing it on the end.

He wraps a hand in Will's hair and shushes him as Will quivers, whimpering lowly. "You must be still, darling," he murmurs, and places the needle in Will's tense arm, watching as the blood starts to flow into him. Will turns his head, his eyes holding no hint of their natural blue – all gold, the primal, raw gaze of a terrified omega blinking up at him.

"Hannibal," he whispers, weakly. His arm jerks, trying to reach, and in answer Hannibal leans in and kisses his sweaty brow. "If -. If something goes wrong -."

"Nothing's going to go wrong, Will," Hannibal replies, for a moment overwhelmed by how desperate he is to believe that. The thought of losing either his mate *or* his child is abhorrent, utterly unthinkable. Will swallows, and opens his mouth to speak again, but before he can Hannibal snarls, and takes off his gloves, shoving them into Will's mouth far back enough that he can't immediately spit them out.

He grabs Will's chin and growls at him. "*Nothing* is going to go wrong."

Will's eyes are watery, and he swallows, but of course, can say nothing.

Hannibal puts on another pair of gloves and returns to his place between Will's legs, cursing at the sight of so much blood. The air stinks of it, as though Will was one of his little lambs he slaughtered. But Will is not a lamb – he's not. He's going to make it.

He can see the very top of the baby's head, and he removes the forceps, replacing them with his fingers to keep Will open as Will screams, muffled around the gag, and starts to push in earnest. Hannibal imagines he can hear Will's inner muscles tearing, his body so pale and slick with sweat.

"She's almost here, Will," Hannibal murmurs. He's not sure Will can even hear him. "You're almost done. Just a little longer, darling, just a little more. Can you do that for me?"

Will whimpers, and shakes so hard he rattles the bed. His rim tears around the baby's head, the cut Hannibal made widening to accommodate its skull. Hannibal is quick to cradle the base of it, holding it upright as Will pushes, and pushes. And then the head is out. And then the shoulders – arms, the little distended belly with the umbilical cord attached. The hips, the legs.

Definitely a girl. Hannibal feels blind with pride.

Will collapses, silent, quaking, and Hannibal breathes out and cradles the baby in his arms. She's covered in blood and organ matter, and he gently wipes his thumb over her eyelids and under her nose, compresses her chest until she gives a soft, hitching burble.

He closes his eyes, for a moment struck into stillness at the sound of her cries. But then he recovers, and cuts the umbilical cord, binding it close to her swollen belly, and carries her around to Will. Will is unconscious, but breathing, and Hannibal sighs and carries the baby to another little bin, setting her down amongst a few dry paper towels and a soft blanket.

Then, he returns to his mate. He thoroughly cleans Will's rim, pushing his fingers inside to examine the tearing of his inner muscles, lips pulling down in a frown to find that Will is quite raw on the inside, torn to shreds. Though he does note with relief that he is not bleeding quite so badly anymore, and refuses to think that this may be because Will is running out of blood to lose.

He stitches up the episiotomy cut he made, and places a thick pad of gauze over it, binding Will's hips and rim with bandages after he has finished passing the rest of the cord and the placenta. He unstraps Will's wrists, and neck, and removes the gloves from his mouth so he can breathe more easily, gives him a sedative to help him relax, and carefully eases him onto his belly, lowering the bench so he's lying flat, and covers him with another blanket.

Then, he sets to cleaning the child. She's so small, entirely pink and wriggling, and Hannibal smiles when she gurgles and bats her meaty fists at his hands as he cleans her. By the time he's done, he can already make out her scent – a sweet, floral thing that calls to mind chamomile and lilies. He lifts her and nuzzles her soft forehead, smiling when she shrieks and gives another little wail.

"I know, little one," he murmurs, holding her close to his chest. She settles, undoubtedly soothed by his heartbeat and his scent, and he places another light kiss to her smooth head. He takes another blanket, this one clean, and wraps her up in it to keep her warm. "You'll have to forgive me, but you'll see your mother soon, I promise."

He carries her to the next room, where he has prepared an incubator in anticipation of Will going into labor. Once she's settled, he calls the only person in the world he trusts, smiling when she answers on the second ring.

"Alana," he greets. "I need you to come collect my daughter, please. As we discussed."

"I'm on my way."

Hannibal hangs up the phone, and returns to Will's room. Will is stirring, groggy from the sedative and shuddering with pain. He lifts his head, wincing and rubbing at the back of his neck, and looks up as Hannibal enters. His eyes rake down Hannibal's body, taking in the blood on his hands and his chest, coating his shoes and the lower half of his legs.

He swallows. "Is she…?"

Hannibal sighs. Paints his face with an expression of sympathy and sorrow. "I'm so sorry, Will," he murmurs. "She didn't make it."

Will stares at him. Then, he breathes in, clenches his jaw, and looks down at his hands. He rubs them over his scalp, dragging his nails, and his entire body heaves with a wretched, defeated sob.

"No," he whispers, and shakes his head. "No. You're lying. You're lying to me."

Hannibal sighs, and goes to his mate, cradling Will's head as he sobs and buries his face in Hannibal's chest. He breathes in, shuddering, clinging to Hannibal's shirt, shaking his head fiercely. He's weak, and uncoordinated, his nails digging in.

"You're lying," he says again. "Please tell me you're lying."

Hannibal closes his eyes, leans down, and kisses Will's hair. "I'm sorry, Will," he murmurs. He was not expecting the twist in his chest, the ache blooming behind his heart at the sound of his mate's awful, anguished sobs. It makes him want to confess, to tell Will his plan, but he resists. Will's pain must be genuine, for while his little wolf is a capable actor, there is something to be said for the raw, visceral reality of genuinely believing he lost his child.

Will's body shakes as he sobs, so ragged and wretched that he's starting to hyperventilate. Hannibal pulls away from him, and takes out another sedative, uncapping the syringe and cupping Will's skull, forcing his head to one side to expose his throat. Will doesn't fight him as he fits the needle to his pulse and injects him with the sedative.

"Get some rest," he murmurs, and kisses Will's hair. "We'll talk when you're feeling better."

He takes Will to his home, and redresses Will's bandages while he's unconscious. Will is still bleeding terribly, staining his thighs and the sheets as Hannibal cleans him and checks his inner muscles again for tearing. His stitches are holding, but he's lost a lot of blood, and he's pale and weak and undoubtedly terribly sore. And, once he wakes, he immediately dissolves into another fit of hysterical sobs.

Hannibal is surprised by how powerfully the urge to soothe strikes him, and he rebandages Will and lays beside him, petting through Will's sweaty hair and purring to him as Will clings to a pillow and soaks it with his tears.

Will clutches at his heart, gasps as Hannibal pets him, and rolls onto his back, staring up at the ceiling with watery eyes. "I can't believe I lost another one," he rasps, breath hitching as he tries to calm himself down. Hannibal swallows, and presses his lips together.

"There is always a high mortality rate with natural male omega births," he replies.

"You could have cut me," Will says, sharp and angry. "She might have survived then."

Hannibal is silent, and Will fits his knuckles to his teeth and stifles a wretched sob against them. "*Fuck*," he gasps, rubbing at his chest again. His pectorals are swollen, undoubtedly full of milk, ready to nurse the child he carried for so long. They must be sore.

Hannibal pushes himself to an elbow, and reaches out, flattening gentle fingertips over one of Will's pink nipples. Will gasps, turning his face away, jaw clenching as he arches up into the touch, and Hannibal manages to coax a single, pearly drop of milk from his chest. Hannibal's lips twitch in a smile, and he squeezes with his fingers, heel of his hand pressing flat to massage the tense muscle, to ease out more.

He leans down, forcing a soft purr from his throat, and seals his lips around Will's nipple, tonguing at it and licking the small dribble of milk. It's sweet, like cantaloupe juice, and Will whimpers as he sucks on it, drawing more milk out. His hand clutches at Hannibal's hair tightly, he arches again, another soft noise falling from him as Hannibal shifts closer on their bed.

Hannibal is a cruel man, no one would deny that. He suckles another weak spurt of milk from Will's breast, and eases himself over his mate, forcing his legs apart. He lifts his head and cradles Will's neck, his fingers sliding down and easing the bandages from Will's rim, pushing at the gauze so that he's exposed and bare.

"You would have made a wonderful mother, Will," he says, and Will's eyes brim with new tears, he sobs and gasps, entire body shivering with loss. Hannibal smiles at him, and kisses him with bruising pressure. "You will, one day, I swear."

Will gasps again, his eyes wide, a flicker of terrified confusion passing behind his eyes. Hannibal's smile widens when he pushes at Hannibal's shoulders. Hannibal hums, tilting his head, and pushes a finger into Will's torn hole, finds him slick with blood still, aching and

swollen and tender. Ripe, and gaping open, his cervix still wide and cavernous and waiting to be full again.

Hannibal kisses him, and then flattens his free hand over Will's mouth so Will cannot deny him, cannot tell him 'No'. He kisses Will's neck, over his racing pulse. Kisses his sweat-lined collarbone. Kisses his heaving flank, his belly, now flat and sagging with pregnancy weight. He pulls back further, and nuzzles Will's flaccid cock, which still stinks of his blood, and angles his head, parts his lips, and sucks the head into his mouth.

Will gasps, shuddering as Hannibal works a second finger inside him. He shakes his head and Hannibal snarls, gripping his jaw tightly, covering his mouth and nose so it's a struggle to breathe, and sucks Will's cock into his mouth. Despite his pain, and his fear, Will hardens for him, a slave to Hannibal's influence as he has been from the start.

He crooks his fingers up, dragging them along Will's torn walls until he finds Will's prostate, and presses against it mercilessly, making Will whine and shudder beneath him. He clenches up around Hannibal's fingers, and now with the blood, with his body empty, he is once again able to produce slick. He sobs as Hannibal sucks him down, hollows his cheeks and runs his tongue around the head of Will's cock, through the leaking slit, takes him all the way in and swallows around him when Will's cockhead triggers his gag reflex.

Will moans despite himself, pawing at Hannibal's hair helplessly, clawing at his hand. Hannibal releases his nose to let him breathe and Will hitches, tries to close his legs, tries to roll away, but Hannibal has him pinned and he's weak, too weak to fight back. He whimpers raggedly as Hannibal works him to orgasm, sucking him until he comes down Hannibal's throat.

He pulls off with a gasp, snarling, and pulls his fingers out. "Time to give me an alpha," he growls, and pushes Will's leg up, baring his bleeding, wrecked hole. He fits Will's leg over his shoulder, pushes his scrub bottoms down to release his own cock, and forces it inside his mate.

Will howls against his palm, shuddering in pain, shakes his head and claws fiercely at Hannibal's neck as Hannibal bows over him, fucking him roughly. Will is lax and weak from his orgasm, his eyes shining with tears, caked with sweat, and Hannibal smiles, leans down and sucks at his nipple until sweet milk floods his mouth, chasing the taste of Will's come.

Will moans, surrendering as his body goes into shock, falling lax and pliant beneath Hannibal's weight, and Hannibal finally releases his mouth and replaces his hand with his own lips, forcing his tongue into Will to share the taste of his milk as his hands cruelly tug at his nipples, so he's wet everywhere.

"Hannibal," Will gasps, gazing up at him through teary eyes. "Please, don't."

Hannibal growls. "You'd deny me what is rightfully mine?" he demands, gripping Will's throat in a punishing hold. Will whines, and shakes his head, flattening his hands on Hannibal's chest. "You're *mine*, Will, and that means I will do whatever I please with you."

Will nods, swallowing harshly. "I'm sorry," he whispers, and leans up for a kiss. Hannibal allows it, and makes himself be gentle – he believes in rewarding good behavior, after all. One small kindness can do wonders for morale.

He fucks in more harshly, growling when he feels his cockhead butt against Will's open cervix. Will whimpers, clenching his jaw, his eyes bright with gold. Though Hannibal wants to, he knows he really shouldn't knot Will when he's still so sore, and so he pulls out when he's close, jerking himself off quick and rough until he comes all over Will's soft cock, his stomach, his milky chest.

He sighs, and wipes his bloody hand through Will's hair.

Will whimpers, and clutches his face, kissing him deeply. "Please don't be angry with me," he says quietly. So distraught, so sweetly afraid. Oh, his darling little wolf.

"I'm not angry, Will," Hannibal replies with a smile, and allows Will one more kindness in the form of a soft purr and a sweet kiss. He rises, correcting his clothes, and helps Will to his unsteady feet. "Come. Let me get you cleaned up."

"An unfortunate turn of events, but certainly neater, in the grand scheme of things. Wouldn't you agree, Mrs. Montagne?"

Roxanne's lips are pursed, her eyes narrowed shrewdly on Will as he sits in Hannibal's patient chair, curled up on himself. Will looks sick, pale and withdrawn, practically cowering under the weight of her glare. Hannibal resists the urge to forcibly place himself between them. Behind Roxanne is the alpha Hannibal assumes is her son, who got Will pregnant in the first place. He's a vile, greasy-looking little man, and sneers at Will like he's a piece of meat.

"Yes, I suppose," Roxanne says after a moment. She stands. "I'm sorry for your loss," she adds curtly, "but perhaps this will teach you to be a little more careful about who you spread your legs for."

Will flinches, his upper lip twitching in a snarl that he is quick to swallow back. Hannibal is not so tactful – he stands swiftly and fixes Roxanne with a most unfriendly look.

"Kindly show yourselves out," he says icily, and she blinks at him, and nods, grabbing her son by the arm and herding him out of the door. Will rubs his hand over his face when she's gone, shuddering harshly, and blinks down at his lap.

Hannibal sighs, rubbing a hand over his face as well, before he breathes in and rolls his shoulders, straightening up. "Darling," he murmurs, and Will lifts his watery eyes. "Now that that whole ugly business is done with, I have something I'd like to show you."

Will tilts his head, frowning, but accepts Hannibal's offered hand and allows himself to be pulled to his feet. He's still unsteady, weak and in pain most moments, and he follows

Hannibal at a slow pace as Hannibal leads him to the incubation room, where he bade Alana return the child after Roxanne and her son arrived.

He opens the door, and Will steps in. He blinks, his brows drawn heavily down, before he suddenly gasps, and his eyes widen, and he runs to the incubator. She is there, blinking up at them with big, glassy blue eyes. She shrieks in greeting, gives Will a wide, gummy smile, and Will opens the hatch and picks her up, cradling her to his chest immediately.

"Is this -?" He breathes in at her scalp, eyes flashing with understanding, and turns to look at Hannibal. "She's…?"

"Your sorrow had to be genuine," Hannibal says. "I meant what I said – I will not abide another alpha claiming my child, and I have no need for that woman's money, nor her involvement in our lives." He nods to the baby. "Now we are free to claim and raise her as we see fit, with no outside influence."

Will stares at him, for a long, long moment. Then, he nods to himself, and carefully places his daughter back in her little bed, closing the hatch so she stays warm. He turns to Hannibal, and gives him a sweet, happy smile, going to him. He leans up and takes Hannibal's mouth in a soft kiss, and Hannibal hums, right before Will grips his throat and slams him hard enough against the door to knock the breath out of him.

Will's face is a mask of fury, his eyes bright, teeth bared. "If you weren't mine," he snarls, "I would rip you to fucking pieces and feed you to the fucking *pigs*." Hannibal growls, and Will squeezes his throat harshly, enough that his vision goes, for a moment, grey at the edges. "I could fucking *kill* you, you son of a bitch."

Hannibal laughs, breathlessly, in love with the furious light in Will's eyes. "I've set you free, Will," he murmurs. Will blinks at him, and though his hand doesn't move, his grip gentles. Hannibal smiles at him, and cups his face, delighted when Will snarls and jerks his head back, but cannot go far lest he forfeit his hold. "I gave you a child. I'll give you a thousand more, if you want them."

"If I want them," Will repeats, spitting the words. "Do I have a choice?"

"We all have choices, darling," Hannibal says. "You chose to come back to me. You chose to be mine. And now you know the lengths I will go to protect and provide for you."

Will blinks at him, and drops his hand, a puppet with the strings cut. "You really believe that, don't you?" he says, like he's surprised. "That you were just protecting me, by taking my first kid, and making me think I'd lost my second one."

"Products of your choices," Hannibal says. "And yes, the consequences of mine." Will's eyes flash, and he snarls loudly. The sound is enough to make the baby cry, and he turns towards her, immediately going to her and shushing her as he removes her from the incubator and cradles her to his chest. He nuzzles her head until she quiets, breathes in shakily, and meets Hannibal's eyes again.

He swallows, and looks down at her. "She looks like you," he murmurs. "Wouldn't have been able to pass her off as that bastard's for a second." His hand shakes as he gently brushes a thumb over her chubby cheek, and he takes in another deep breath, tense and trembling under the weight of his own relief.

He meets Hannibal's eyes. "If you *ever* lie to me again, I'll make what you did to those omegas look like a child's painting," he promises darkly. Hannibal smiles. "They'll be trying to put pieces of you back together for the next decade."

Hannibal's throat tightens around a purr, and he nods in agreement. "I understand," he says solemnly, for he knows Will is not a man to make idle threats. "But until that moment, my darling Will, are you still mine?"

Will swallows again. He breathes in, slowly, breathes out, and closes his eyes. "Yes," he replies, and presses a gentle kiss to his daughter's head. Despite himself, Hannibal feels a flood of something akin to relief, and he approaches Will, pleased beyond measure when Will tilts his head up and meets him for a kiss. Hannibal's hand flattens along the baby's back, over Will's, and he looks down into her big, bright eyes.

"Did you have a name for her?" he murmurs.

Will shakes his head. "You?"

"No," Hannibal admits. She grins up at both of them, and Hannibal sees Will's face soften in an adoring smile. "Perhaps you will consider 'Mischa'." Will blinks, and looks at him. "It was my sister's name."

"Was?" Will repeats.

Hannibal nods, sighing through his nose. "I lost her when I was a boy. In many ways, I considered her more like a daughter than a sister."

Will's head tilts, and he presses his lips together, humming, and looks down at the girl again. "Mischa," he murmurs, and she blinks at them, giving another hiccuping little cry. Will smiles, easily looking five years younger, joy soaking his scent and smoothing the lines from around his mouth and eyes that had grown so deep in the last few days. "Yeah," he adds. "Maybe."

Hannibal smiles, and wraps an arm around Will's shoulders, pulling him close. Will purrs as Hannibal places a gentle kiss to his wild hair, and in his arms, Mischa gives another soft little cry, closes her tired eyes, and falls asleep.

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